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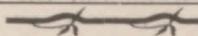
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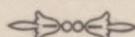
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## *The Advent of Prof. Lancaster*

"**A**W, come on fellows," said Rob Stanley, coming into the living-room of Windsor House, where the Seniors of Chadwick Hall, Preparatory School lived, and at the same time flinging his cap and books on the table. "I never saw such a bunch of long faces in my life. What! Are you still weeping over Old Perkins? Why, you here, too, Stub? Let me see. Do I remember hearing you say you hated Old Perkins? Remember that overdue theme and what happened; those unprepared lessons. What caused this sudden change of heart, Stub?"

"You know, Rob Stanley, you hated to have him go. To hear you, one would think you were glad to," retorted Stub.

"It was hard on Old P., too," said another boy. "He hated to leave his work."

"Indeed it was," said Rob; and then, because Rob never could be serious very long, "It was a good thing though. He was getting awfully near-sighted. Wasn't it scandalous the way Stub acted those last two or three classes."

"Shut up, you old Pill; I had my lesson every day."

"Wonder what the new prof'll be like?"

"He'll never come up to Old Perkins. He was a real old sport, all right, all right." This from Stub.

At this the door opened and a boy burst into the room, flung down his books and without waiting to get his breath, began: "Oh, I say, fellows, we're goin' to have an addition to the Senior Class; Old Mathematics just told me. Seems the kid's name is Jack Comwell, and is a son of a friend of his and a fine fellow, according to his tale."

"When is he going to get here?"

"Some time today, on the five o'clock train, I think he said."

"Five! I'll tell you, we'll all go down and meet him; give him a good send-off. It'll please Old Math. and it's up to me to get on the good side of him, if I want to skin through on Chem.," said Rob Stanley.

"Say, when'll the new English prof. be here? Didn't I hear some one say that he was coming on the nine o'clock train from the city?"

"I guess that's right."

"Say, fellows, do you know that it's a quarter past three and that there's a basketball game in the gym between the Sophs and Juniors?" interrupted someone.

The boys scattered. Rob called after them: "Don't you fellows forget about goin' to meet that Jack what-ever-his-name-is."

"Aren't you comin' to the game, Rob?"

"Gwan, I have more important work to do," he said as he took up a novel and settled himself to read. As he left the room, Stub shied a pillow at the reader, but to no effect.

At about half past four, however, he roused himself and sauntered toward the station. He found the boys already there. As he joined them the train was just pulling up. Two or three men got off; then came a tall, athletic looking young man, wearing a raincoat and a gray golf cap, carrying a suitcase.

"That must be the fellow," said Stub.

"Hello there, Jackie boy," yelled the boys. "Welcome to our city."

The young man walked toward them. "Are you the Chadwick Hall boys? I thought you were, and I was just going to ask you the way to the school."

"Sure, come along with us. Heard all about you from Colby; he's the Math. teacher, you know. Said he was a friend of your father's. I hope you're a good friend of Colby's yourself. You might put in a good word for me in Chem."

"Indeed I will. What did you say your name was? Rob Stanley? Oh, yes."

Finally they reached Windsor House. "Here's where we all hang out. You'll be here, too, so come on in."

"Don't you think I had better go see the President first," he ventured.

"Aw, let it go till after supper. It's nearly six now."

At the table their talk turned towards Mr. Perkins' successor. Of course the state of affairs had to be fully explained to the "new boy." It was truly wonderful how they had taken him into their midst. Was it due to his supposed friendship with Mr. Colby?

After supper, when they were seated around a big fire in the living-room, Rob exclaimed, "Say, fellows what do you say to goin' to the station to size up the new prof? I'm mighty curious to know what he looks like."

"Some old dub, probably," said Stub.

The boys pleaded study. It ended in his persuading only the "new boy," Stub and Fred Hillis to accompany him.

The four set out for the station. As they were passing a livery stable the "new boy" said, "It may sound cheeky as I'm so new; but what do you say to giving the new professor a ride? We'll hire

a pall-bearers wagon and make it a funeral ride. We're all actors enough to carry it out."

"Fine, capital," shouted the boys.

"Can we get the carriage?" asked Fred.

"Sure," said Rob. "We'll get around old Oliver. He's a friend of mine."

When they got to the station, the train had already come and gone. A young man was standing on the platform.

"That's the fellow, sure," whispered Stub. "What a dub. Mind those trousers? Gee, they look at if they shrank in the wash."

"Gosh, what a hat," said Fred. "I feel sorry for ourselves with that pill. Oh, say, he wears glasses, too. Poor us."

Meanwhile, Rob with his cap pulled well down and his coat collar well up was approaching the subject of their comments.

"Do you want to go to Chadwick Hall?" he inquired in a sepulchral voice. "Then follow me."

The boys escorted him to the carriage in silence, helped him in, in silence, and moved slowly up the street, in silence.

"Where are you taking me to?" asked the "professor" when they had gone quite a way.

"To your doom," was the answer. "Confess your sins before it is too late. We are now approaching the graveyard, where a tomb is prepared for you," said Rob, as they stopped before a gate, overshadowed by tall trees.

They helped the unfortunate "professor" out, and courteously escorted him up the long, winding path that led to a ghostly looking white structure. Half way, they left him, sadly mystified and badly frightened.

They went back to Windsor House, well pleased with their exploit. Here they found the boys awaiting them. Rob with many interruptions and frequent promptings, told the story. He finished.

"I think I owe you boys an apology," said a voice that they recognized as belonging to the "new boy," "but I never had such a lark in my life. I beg leave to announce myself as John Edward Lancaster, who has come to fill Mr. Perkins' place. I must leave you now to go find the President."

"You don't expect us to believe that, do you?" asked Stub.

The professor grinned and went away, leaving a very astonished group of boys.

"Well, he's a jolly old sport, all right. He'll do," said Stub. And the rest echoed his sentiments.

# *A Desperate Man*

*By Lilena Jenert*

## **SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PRECEDING.**

It is the night before the students of T—— College leave for the summer holidays. Also the night on which the June Ball is given. At the dance Fritzi Maynard, the daughter of a rich Australian, meets Richard Moreland, who becomes infatuated with her. The next day Fritzi graduates and leaves the College to go to New York to spend a month with her friend Margie Daltan, before going to Australia, where her home is. When she arrives in New York she finds that Margie has invited a number of her young friends to a house party at her summer home, a large and beautiful residence on the banks of the Hudson. So they go directly to Margie's home. Fritzi is greatly surprised to find among her guests, Richard Moreland, whom she had already met at the College dance. She also meets a John Sutherland whom she likes very much. While Fritzi stays at her friend's home, Richard Moreland falls desperately in love with her and asks her to become his wife. But for some unaccountable reason Fritzi has taken a great dislike to him and steadily refuses his insistent attentions. Sutherland also has fallen in love with Fritzi, but speaks no word of love to her, thinking that she prefers Moreland. After Fritzi has been on the Hudson for a week she receives a telegram from her father, telling her that her mother is seriously ill and that she had better return home as soon as possible. When Fritzi tells her friends this sad news they all sympathize with her and are greatly disappointed at her not being able to remain longer. The night before she leaves, Richard Moreland again asks her to marry him and says that if she will consent he will accompany her to Australia, but she again refuses him. The next day Fritzi goes to New York where she is to take the boat for Australia. Moreland follows her. Just as she is about to get on the boat he stops her and asks her to reconsider his question, but without deigning him a look she walks up the gang-plank. Then in a fit of anger Moreland declares in a loud voice, "Oh! you will regret this day yet. I shall follow you to Australia and force you to marry me."

## CHAPTER VIII.

ONE afternoon as Fritzi was sitting on the deck of the "Mauretania," with her steamer rug wrapped about her knees and the last Munsey's in her lap, an elderly lady walked toward her saying, "I beg your pardon, but aren't you Miss Maynard?" "Yes." As Fritzi looked up a feeling that she had met her before crept over her, and she vainly tried to remember where. This must have appeared in her face, for the woman before her said, "You have met me at the Stanton's ball in New York." "Why you must be Lady Sutherland," cried Fritzi, jumping up. "Are you, too, on your way to Australia?" "Yes," replied Lady Sutherland; "my husband has received the appointment of Governor of Australia." At that moment a dignified old gentleman and a younger man walked up. Lady Sutherland introduced them to Fritzi as her husband and son. Fritzi was surprised to find that this son was no other than the Jack Sutherland that she had met at the house party on the Hudson a few weeks ago. The four fell into conversation and by the end of the voyage were very good friends indeed. They were all to land at Victoria, where the Sutherlands were to leave Fritzi to finish the journey overland to Celebes.

"Oh! you darling dad!" cried Fritzi, running up the wharf and into her father's arms.

"And can this be my little daughter, this lovely young woman?" said Mr. Maynard.

The two remained in Victoria overnight, and started out early the next morning on the long ride to Lake Torrens, on the banks of which was the Maynard home—a stately white Colonial mansion surrounded by beautiful grounds overlooking the blue lake. On the ride, Fritzi would have liked to ask about her mother, but her father had seemed so dejected when, the night before, she had asked how she was, that the girl did not have the heart to mention the subject again.

A little before nightfall they reached home. There was no need of preparing Mrs. Maynard for Fritzi's arrival, for the patient had been unconscious for days. The girl went in and knelt down by her mother's bedside, crying softly. Hours passed. To her loving eyes, her mother seemed a shadow from which life was swiftly passing. She endured over and over the pangs of losing her. At last she looked up to encounter her mother's wistful gaze.

"Can it be true?" she murmured. "Is this my baby daughter?"

Mr. Maynard, who had been standing outside the door, upon hearing this new voice, entered. His wife held out her hand; the strong man was instantly kneeling by her bedside. Suddenly, an expression of pain spread over her face; then—"Good-bye, dear John," she whispered, "and my faithful—little—girl."

With this, she closed her eyes. She had entered into that land of rest, where, at some later day, she would be joined by her husband and daughter.

#### CHAPTER IX.

About eleven months had passed. Richard Moreland and his father were conversing in the latter's office on Fifth Avenue. "Dick," said the older man, "we're sadly in need of money at present. Not under; but if we don't get money from some place soon, we'll be apt to find ourselves in a serious condition.

"You know those mines in Australia. We'll sell them. We'll put them on the market. 'They're bonanzas, but we're forced to sell. Need the money.' See? That'll act as bait. All we have to do is to be sure of getting the money before operations begin, and in Australia you'll be a 'needle in a haystack.'"

"I understand. The Hispania leaves for Australia tomorrow. I'll be ready."

"Very well. You may come here today at three o'clock to receive the papers and further instructions."

Four weeks later, Dick Moreland was sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Bellevue, in Victoria, trying to interest some of the listeners in his mines.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was June, a year after Fritz's arrival in Australia. The girl was happy in her home—except for one thing—the lack of a mother. But most of her life had been spent away from her mother, and she and her father were such good friends that, after a year, she was almost reconciled to her loss.

On a beautiful afternoon, she and her father were sitting on the wide veranda, she reading and he smoking. As it was shearing time, Mr. Maynard had been very busy, but was taking this afternoon to rest. He broke the silence.

"Well, little girl, I shall have to go to Victoria tomorrow. They will begin hauling the wool in tomorrow, and I must go to see about the weighing and selling. Would you care to go with me?"

"Oh, Daddy, how I'd love to!" Fritz exclaimed. "You are such a thoughtful Dad!"

"All right! Will you be ready to start at half past six?"

They arrived on the evening of the second day. Fritz went to visit her friend Mrs. Prescott, where she remained during her stay in Victoria, while her father went to attend to the unloading of the wool. The next day another of Fritz's friends, a certain Mrs. Billie Dawson, met her on the street.

After a few minutes, "Oh, Fritz, you will come to dance tonight, to meet a young American friend of mine?"

"Oh, what fun," responded Fritz. "I just feel like dancing!"

Then, as Mrs. Prescott came by in her electric brougham, Fritz bade her friend good-bye and jumped in beside her, without thinking to ask who the young friend was.

Fritz arrived at Mrs. Dawson's about 9 o'clock. She had taken off her wraps and was fast being swallowed up in the giddy whirl of newly-made acquaintances and a few older friends.

"Come, Fritz," said Mrs. Dawson, making her way through the crowd. "You must meet Mr. Moreland before all your dances are taken."

"Mr. Moreland! You don't mean Dick Moreland, do you?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dawson. "You're acquainted with him?"

"Yes, indeed, if it's the Dick Moreland I am thinking of."

It was the Dick Moreland that Fritz had met in New York. He

was delighted to see her, but she was far from glad to meet him again.

Towards the end of the evening, they found themselves in a corner of the conservatory.

"Fritzi," he began, "I have asked you three times to become my wife. You have refused. I ask you again. You must marry me! I cannot live without you!"

"Mr. Moreland, I have given you my final answer to that question!" Rising to go. "Please do not trouble me with your attentions again. And now, will you take me back to Mrs. Dawson?"

This he did with as good grace as possible, but there gleamed in his eyes a dark, angry look. It almost said, "You'll be sorry, my lady!"

Some minutes later, a messenger brought a telegram for Mr. Moreland. When he was alone, he opened it.

"Police on tracks. Your last deal found out. A Friend."

After reading this, he hastened to his hostess and explained that the telegram made it necessary for him to leave immediately. As he passed Fritzi, he whispered, "You will hear from me again!"

He secured a horse, and taking with him only as much money as was necessary, set out across the country. After a few days, he was captured by a band of outlaws. Like a flash the thought came to him—"I'd be safe from the police with them." Then he said aloud, "Come on! I guess I am about as desperate as you all. Take me in." So they did not harm him, but took him into their midst. Within three weeks' time he was the leader of their gang.

\* \* \* \* \*

About four weeks after the Dawson's ball, Mr. Maynard and his daughter left Victoria to go home. A few days later, Fritzi declared her intention of riding over to the home of a friend, about twenty miles distant and remaining there for a short visit. At first, her father objected, thinking it not safe for her to ride alone across such a wild country, but finally gave his consent. So next morning, after bidding her father a hasty farewell, she mounted her pony and rode away. About noon, she found herself crossing a barren space of desert land. Looking about, she saw to the right the distant mountains and to the left, not more than twenty-five feet away, a long line of low, thick bushes. At this instant, she heard the measured beat of horses' hoofs behind her and, turning, she perceived a man galloping towards her. As he drew near, to her horror, she recognized—Dick Moreland! What could he be doing in that part of the country? Before she had time to let her thoughts run very far, he had come

up beside her, thrown his arms around her, jerked her off her horse, onto his, and started off at a gallop. She struggled fiercely, but of no avail. When she saw that her struggles were useless, she turned her head and said haughtily, "Sir, what is the meaning of this outrageous conduct? Let me down at once!"

"No, my lady. Now it is my turn to dictate the terms. Consent to become my wife; otherwise, your father's ranch will be destroyed and he himself murdered."

She looked around to see if by any chance there was help in sight. What was that in the distance? A swiftly approaching horseman! Oh! if only he could overtake them!

Dick Moreland glanced over his shoulder and saw the same thing and spurred his horse to a swifter gallop. Louder and louder grew the hoof-beats behind! Now he was close upon them! Fritzi, turning her head, could see him quite plainly now. Why—there was something familiar about the horseman—yes—it was Sutherland! A glad cry broke from her lips. A quick glance showed Moreland that the pursuer was his old-time enemy.

He pulled out his revolver with difficulty, as he was holding Fritzi with his right arm. Looking back once more, he saw that Sutherland had his revolver aimed. In an instant, he had turned his horse to the right, and at the same time had pulled the girl more closely to him, thus using her as a means of defense. Safe behind Fritzi, he lifted his own revolver and aimed, but she, putting all her strength in the effort, freed one arm and knocked the revolver from his hand. It went off before she could realize what had happened. Moreland fell from his horse, taking her with him. She rose slowly, unhurt, but saw that Moreland was unconscious. Sutherland had come up by this time. He jumped from his horse and rushed to her. In a few sentences she told him what had happened. Then they turned to the unconscious man. Blood was pouring from the wound in his side. Sutherland drew a flask of brandy from his pocket and put it to Moreland's lips. Slowly he opened his eyes. He tried to speak, and finally managed to say:

"Fritzi! Jack! Forgive me!" He took Fritzi's hand, placed it in Sutherland's and said, "I am sorry for what I have done, and I—did—love—you!"



## *We Are Seven*

I met a little Junior girl;  
She was sixteen years, she said;  
Her hair was strait, with not a curl  
Around her shapely head.

She had a wearied, urban air,  
And she was tightly clad;  
Her eyes were fair, and she could stare—  
Which must have been a fad.

“Classmates? Juniors? little maid,  
How many may you be?”  
“How many! Seven in all,” she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”  
She laughed, “Seven are we;  
And one of us in Eugene dwells,  
Whom I fear we’ll ne’er more see.”

“Two of us in the flunk heap lie,  
Fair Margaret and one other,  
Who all her hopes of Senior joys,  
Has dropped for some one’s brother.

“And four remain at Annie Wright,  
To fill their little brains,  
To labor hard by day and night,  
And give their teachers pains.”

“You say three here no longer dwell,  
Some empty seats I see,  
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

“Their places are there; they may be seen,”  
The Junior maid replied,  
“Two seats or more from this back door,  
We oft’ sat side by side.

H Y A K

"With books in there I often sit,  
My lessons there I learn (?)  
And teacher always has a fit,  
Whene'er I speak or turn."

"How many are you then," said I,  
"If three have left this haven?"  
Quick was the Junior girl's reply,  
"O Corie! we are seven."

L. JENOTT, '13.



Old Sem., you are to me  
No place for liberty,  
But I'm glad I'm here.  
Place where I lose my spunk,  
Learn lots of useless junk,  
Sem., you are awful punk,  
But I'm glad I'm here.





JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM

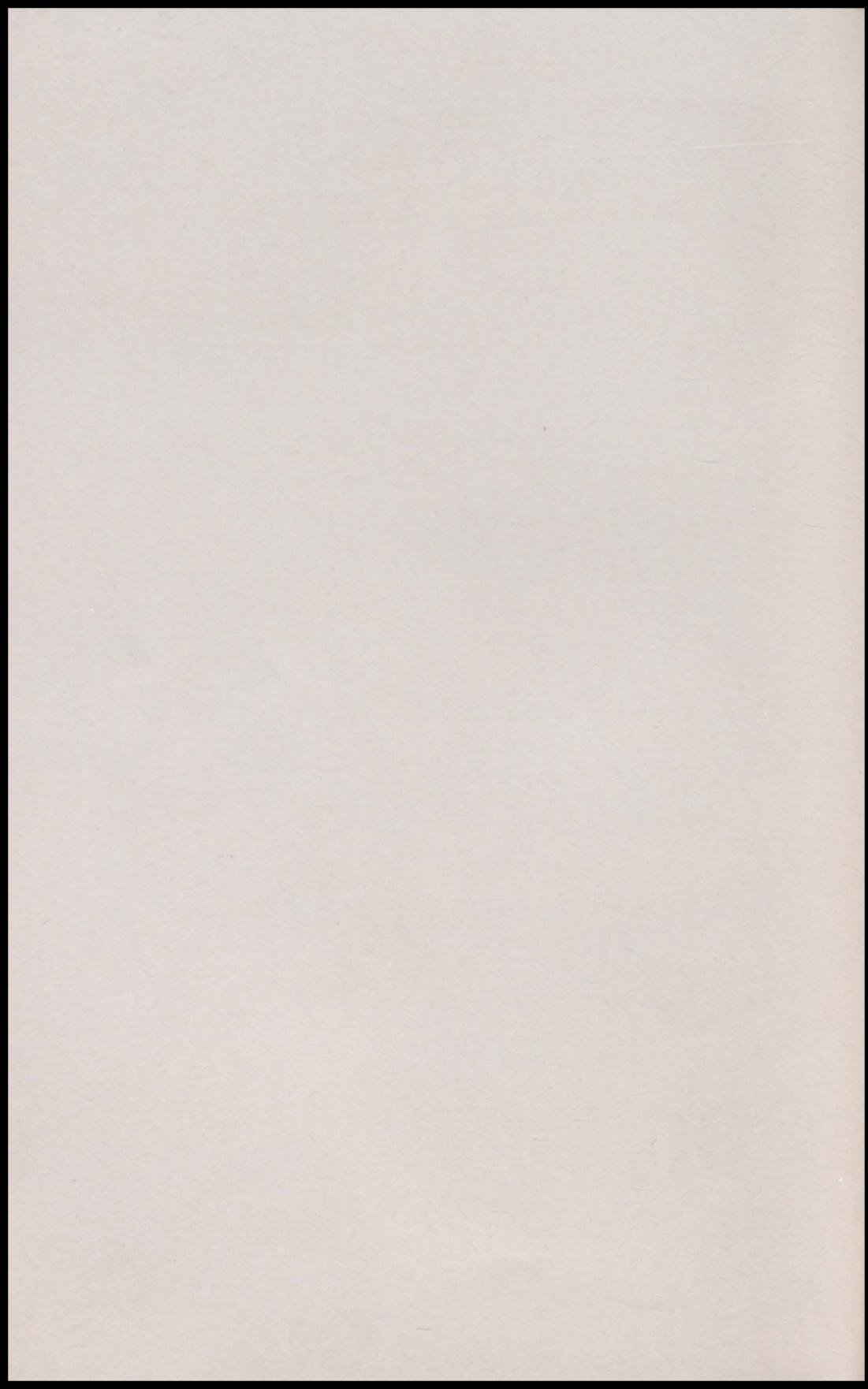
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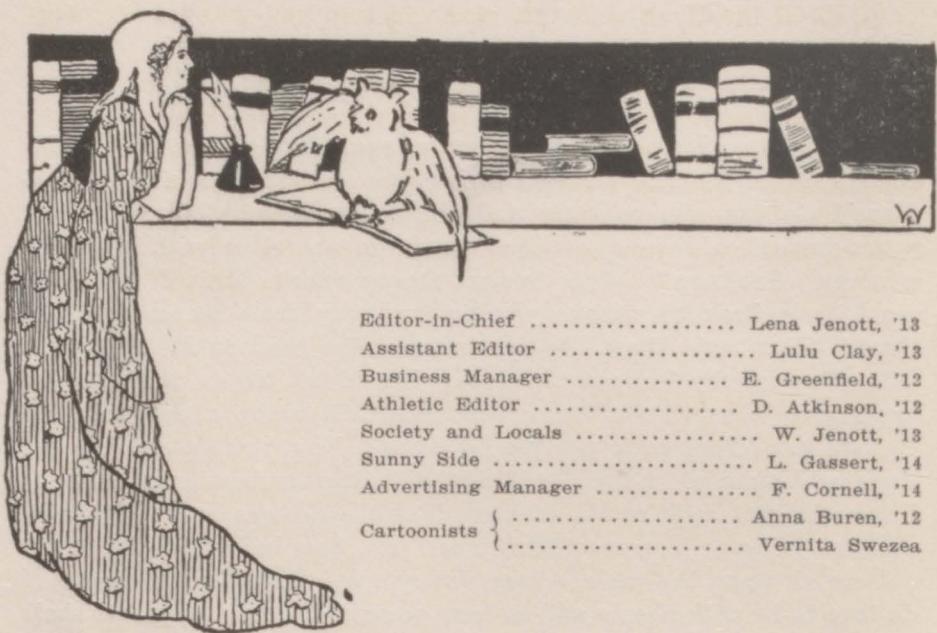


*Soliloquy of a Piece of Ice*

"Well, here I am in a refrigerator, and what's more, in an old-fashioned refrigerator without any means of ventilation. Ah, me! How I do miss the cold air and the bitter wind! Why, it seems years instead of two days since I was on the river with my companions. Goodness! What is that strong odor? Fish, I wish you would ask Cook to remove you as far away from me as possible. Ouch! That maid should be sent away. She has positively no consideration for the feelings of others. The idea! To set a dish right upon me! Doesn't she know that that will make a dent in me? Oh, she has forgotten to put the lid down! Now I can see a little of the world outside. I wonder if that dish of strawberries is—Bang!! I thought that cook would soon see that the lid was open. Custard, are you going to be served at dinner? Ah, how lucky you are to be able to sit upon the table, where you can see and hear so much! I do love to be with people and to hear gossip! I don't suppose I shall get out of here until I melt and am put out for the chickens to drink. At least, I presume that's what will happen to me. It is what has happened to all other pieces of ice that have melted since I have been in here. Just look! See how small I am growing! Dill pickles, I'm not any larger than you, am I? Oh, well, it doesn't matter! Say, did you ever see anyone greener than that apple over there? She actually asked me a little while ago if I was cold! I wonder what that commotion is! It must be that noisy dish-pan falling down again! This place is the most disturbing to one's thoughts of any place I was ever in! Dear! I'm so nervous! I don't seem to be able to control myself. Oh! I'm falling! I'm about to run down the pipe! Good-bye—pickle, apple, fish, custard! No! Don't try to save me! You might lose your balance! Splash!" and with that, the tiny piece of ice fell mournfully into the pan of ice water.

L. GASSERT, '14.





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Contributions are requested from former pupils and present members of the school.

## *Editorial*

We have come to our last issue of the Hyak. The Juniors of 1913 now hand it over to the Class of 1914. Girls, you will have to work hard all the year, but don't be discouraged if things do not seem to go just right at first. Also remember that it is the ads. that make the paper possible. Get competent girls to start out to solicit ads. as soon as your staff is organized.

Although we, the Juniors, have had charge of the Hyak, on account of our very small class we have had a great deal of help from the other classes, especially from the Seniors and Sophomores. We heartily thank them for all the hard work they have done for the Hyak.

We are deeply grateful to Miss Smith and Miss LeVeque for the encouragement and help they have given us.

If we of the Hyak staff this year can help you with advice, suggestions, or in other ways, we will gladly do so.

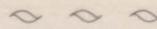
Now a word to the school. Girls—yes, you girls of A. W. S., let me ask you a few questions. Do you want the Hyak to be interesting? Do you want it in the first rank, as good as any other school-paper? Do you want to show your appreciation of the work your school-fellows are doing by helping them out? If you do—then at least show your school spirit, be loyal, SUBSCRIBE!

L. JENOTT, '13.



There is one girl in the school who typifies the true school spirit and to whom the Senior class wishes to bring recognition. This girl is Winifred Jenott. It is she who always welcomes the new girls and keeps them from any thought of homesickness. Winifred made our Senior play possible, by typewriting enough copies so that the parts could be given out in time to be learned. In any time of need who is the first to our aid? Winifred Jenott.

THE SENIOR CLASS.



In a debate on the proposition, "Coeducation is the Best Method of Education for the Boy and Girl," which the Sophomores held the other night, the negative side won. That side had the better chance to win, for all about are examples of the benefit and pleasure gained in a school which is not coeducational. We all think that the dear old Sem. is the best ever seen sure. Think of all the good times we have had here, in our work and in our play. Look back over this year. Has it not been one of benefit and pleasure? All credit is due the Annie Wright Seminary, and when we say Annie Wright Seminary we mean the Bishop, Miss Fitch and the faculty as well as the girls. As we all separate let's all give nine long rahs and a Tiger for the Annie Wright Seminary.

MARY TARBELL, '14.

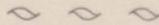


## *Auld Acquaintance*

Mrs. George Beach (Alice Benson, 1900) expects to spend part of commencement week at the Seminary as the guest of Miss Guppy.



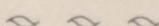
Milicent Hanson, '06, expects to be at the Seminary for Commencement.



Grace McDonald, '06, visited the Seminary May 26th.



The engagement is announced of Martha Foard, '08, to Mr. Knight.



Neva Doud, '09, spent the latter half of January and first part of February in San Francisco with Mrs. Ferdinand Von Planta (Frieda Foard, '07).



Irene Ulin, '09, visited the Seminary Jan. 19th and expects to be here for Commencement.



Dora Willoughby, '11, visited the Seminary on her way to Portland in May, and again on her return.



Catherine Hill, '10, is a member of the graduating class of the Tacoma Kindergarten Training School.



Hazel Chambers, '11, played the leading part in "The Hour Glass," given at Miss Ely's school, Greenwich, Conn. Crystal Bennett, '11, also took part.



Miss McGraw has returned from Berkeley, Cal., after spending a year at the University, where she attained the degree of M. S.



Miss Frahm and Deaconess Drake are planning to be here for Commencement.

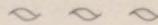
Mrs. Biggs (Emily Dix) is now living in California.



Corinne Doud spent part of the winter in Palo Alto, Cal., as the guest of Adelaide Young.



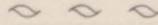
The four-seventh, of "We are Seven," thank the one-seventh, Gladys Hampton, for her interest shown in the "Hyak," and the material sent, though she is no longer a pupil of the Seminary.



Gladys Hampton has returned to Eugene after spending part of the winter in San Diego.



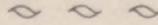
Katie McRae has returned from California after spending the winter there. She and Edna Roach, '11, visited the Seminary April 20th.



Edna Burgess left for Chicago Feb. 16th.



Mrs. Abraham Frank (Esther Robinson, formerly '13) will reside in Fort Wayne, Ind.



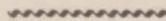
The engagement is announced of Blanche Robinson, formerly '13, to Mr. Samuel Kraus of New York City.



Mrs. L. A. McAllister (Bessie Eckert, formerly '15) started on Jan. 25th for Skagway, where she will reside.



Katherine and Virginia White are now attending Bruno Hall, Spokane, where their family now reside.



### *Marriages*

Trotter-Small—In Baker City, Feb. 5, Miss Hazel Small, '10, and Mr. John Trotter.

Hinsdale-Hatch—In North Yakima, March 27, Miss Jessie Hatch, '10, and Mr. James H. Hinsdale.

Frank-Robinson—In Detroit, Feb. 11, Miss Esther Robinson, formerly '13, and Mr. Abraham Frank.

McCully-Campbell—In Tacoma, Dec. 26, Miss Helen Campbell, formerly '12, and Mr. Melbourne Clark McCully.

Namber-Hendry—In London, Eng., Miss Aldyn Hendry and Mr. E. Namber.



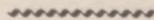
### *Births*

In Tacoma, Jan. 1, a daughter, Marianne Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Carter (Marianne McGraw).

In Taeoma, March 8, a daughter, Gloria, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Fogg (Alva Kneeland).

In Skagway, April 20, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Lorne McAllister (Betty Eckert).

Miss Gallagher chaperoned several of the girls to a basket ball game at the High School.



### *Heard in Chorus Class*

Miss Lund: "It takes a person light on her feet to do this dance. Yes, Dorothy, you are light on your feet."

Dorothy Stowbridge: "Yes, I'm light in my head, so I'm light on both extremities."



Esther Marshall, to little boy who seemed to be laughing at her: "What's the matter little boy?"

Little Boy: "Nothin'."

Esther: "Never mind, tell me what you are laughing at."

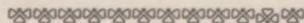
Little Boy, pointing to the peplum of her waist: "Stand still and I'll stick you shirt tail in."

Miss Seeber: "I felt as weak as a kitten." (Kitten?)





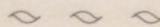
## SOCIETY



Miss Gallagher, Marguerite Warren and Winifred Jenott say "The Bohemian Girl" at the Tacoma, February 16th.



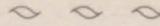
Chaperoned by Miss Ferguson and Miss Le Vague, Helen Cummings, Louise Sheard, Ruth Carlson, Esther Carlson and Mildred Ashland attended the De Koven Hall dance.



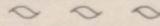
Miss Gallagher, with several of the girls, went to a basket ball game between U. of W. and Whitworth, January 19th.



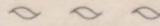
Miss Ferguson, Miss LeVeque and Edith Greenfield attended a dance at the Bonneville Hotel February 19th.



Mrs. Richards (Corinne Nolan) gave a bridge party for Mrs. Eugene Kinnear (Sadie Ramsay, '10) February 22nd. Those present were Mary Swearingen, Florence Fitch, Emma Bloom, Catherine Hill and Mrs. E. McDowell (Armored Clark).



Miss Trane took Lulu Clay, Jessie Smith, Ruth Carlson and Winifred Jenott to hear a lecture on the quest of the Holy Grail, under the auspices of the Aloha Club.



Miss Gallagher, with Ruth Carlson, Lillian Gassert and Louise Sheard, went to a dance given by Frances Burrell at the Tennis Club, May 25th.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor, of Seattle, visited the Seminary in May.



On Thursday, May 9th, the Senior Class was entertained at a delightful Kaffie Klatsch or Coffee party by die Fraulein Trane, Williams, Bajohr and Hostetter. In the center of the studio was a long table, prettily decorated with German flags and small steins, and in the middle of the table a huge German cake with a large sorority emblem in white frosting. This proved to be most delicious, as were the coffee, doughnuts and bismarks. After the table had been cleared by the two "German" maids, Winifred Jenott and Lulu Clay, who, according to German custom, ate with the guests, steins of root "beer" and pretzels were brought in. An interesting game was played in which the names and painters of famous pictures were guessed. The prize was won by Gretchen Van Fossen.



Lulu Clay, Deborah Allen and Genevieve Birmingham were initiated into Delta Pi Sorority May 24th.



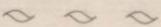
The Delta Pi Sorority of the Annie Wright Seminary entertained Saturday, June 1st, at the Tacoma Hotel, the affair being the annual luncheon in honor of the new members of the Sorority.



The alumnae of the Annie Wright Seminary gave a tea Tuesday afternoon, May 28th, at the home of Miss Louise Stone in honor of the members of the graduating class of the school.



Adeline Dana sang at the Northwest Music Teachers' Convention at Walla Walla.



Miss Guppy entertained the Seniors and teachers in her room at the Seminary May 29th from four to six in honor of Miss McGraw. Miss Seeber poured. Refreshments were served, games played and each guest received a tiny U. S. flag.



May 30th, Memorial Day, program, in charge of Miss Guppy of the History Department:

1. "America" ..... School
2. "Salute to Flag" ..... Led by Helen Keen

3. Reading, "The Blue and the Gray" . . . Miss Gallagher  
4. "Star Spangled Banner" . . . . . School  
5. Address . . . . . Bishop Keator  
6. "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" . . . . . School



The Bishop's address was most interesting and appreciated by all. Miss Gallagher read beautifully.



May 17th, Friday, was the day of our annual school picnic. We went to American Lake, leaving the Seminary at eleven in a special car. The day was perfect and most of the day was spent in rowing and bathing. We returned to the Seminary about 8:30 p. m.



Saturday, May 25th, the Seniors returned the Prom by giving the Juniors an automobile ride up the mountain road. Although rain showered or poured at intervals, a more delightful time could not be imagined. We left the Seminary at 1:30 p. m. Owing to muddy roads, we could not get through, so we turned and went to American Lake. An exciting event was the stopping of Miss Fitch's car by the "speed cop" for speeding. We went to the head of the lake, where we had dinner and very delicious everything tasted, for we had been motoring all afternoon. After dinner we started for home, arriving at the Seminary about nine.



May 25th was brightened by the Studio and Harmony class picnics; the former at American Lake and the latter at Spanaway.



On May 4th Misses Lund, LeVeque, Ferguson and Seeber entertained the Seniors with a Bacon Bat at Steilacoom Lake.



The studio exhibit was in the gymnasium from four to six and from seven to eight Saturday, June 8th. Nature study, mounts, water color, landscapes, posters, construction work, pennants, charcoal sketches, ooze leather, work etched, stenciling, brass and illustrated art history note books were by the classes. The private pupils, flower and still life studies in oils and water color.



As the Hyak is going to the press, preparations are being made

for our Annual June Ball. Numerous invitations have been sent out. The gymnasium will be artistically decorated in green and white.



Miss Marie Louise Jackson was hostess at a smart little dancing party at the Tennis Club. Those from the Seminary who attended were Lena Jenott, Lillian Gassert, Ruth Carlson, Louise Sheard and Winifred Jenott, chaperoned by Miss LeVeque.



Miss Guppy, in Seventh Grade History: "What is the name of the government school that trains boys for the army?"

Dorothy S.: "De Koven Hall."

Miss Seeber, in Geography class: "Hope, who are the present rulers of the English?"

Hope: "Green George and King Mary."

Miss Trane: "What kind of a dog is he?"

C. Hurley: "A Boston bull—oh! not now, but he will be!"

E. Carlson: "I have three nephews and they are all boys, aren't they, Ruth?"



*Commencement*

## JUNE RECITAL

## Program

## PART I.

1. Allegro from Sonata Op. 2, No. 1 ..... L. Van Beethoven  
Frances Root
2. Barcarolle ..... A. Rubenstein  
Dorothea Brownell
3. Vocal solo, "Love In Springtime" ..... L. Aediti  
Lula Sheddern
4. Love Dream No. 2 ..... F. Liszt  
Frances Root
5. Reading, "The Strawberry Bed" ..... James Lane Allen  
(Cutting from "The Kentucky Cardinal")  
Mary Tarbell
6. Autumn ..... C. Chaminade  
Helen Kempinsky
7. Violin solo, "Il Trovatore" ..... Verdi-Singalee  
Cecilia Jubb
8. (a) Melody ..... M. Moszkowski  
(b) Marchurnd ..... E. MacDowell  
Theresa Holmes
9. Spanish Dances for Two Pianos ..... M. Moszkowski  
Miss Bajohr and Cecilia Jubb



## PART II.

*THE JAPANESE GIRL*

Operetta by Rosse and Vincent

## Synopsis

The first act opens with a number of Japanese girls visiting O Hanu San, a young Japanese beauty, who is about to celebrate her eighteenth birthday, regarded in Japan as "the coming of age." In the second act two American girls, who are touring in Japan with their governess, are impelled by curiosity to enter the garden and while their governess is sketching they slip away from her. The

Japanese girls, returning, resent the intrusion of a foreigner and awake the governess, who has fallen asleep, and they pretend not to understand her explanations. A Hanu San comes to the rescue and invites the American ladies to remain as her guests during the ceremonies. They accept gratefully and win the hearts of all.

#### Characters

O Hanu San, a Japanese girl of position .....	Lena Jenott
Kitu San .....	Jessie Smith
Kayo San .....	Theresa Holmes
Tsuma .....	Lula Sheddern

#### Her Cousins

Chaya, her servant .....	Marguerite Warren
Nora Twinn .....	Dorothy Davies
Dora Twinn .....	Vivian Jacobson

#### Young American Ladies

Miss Minerva Knowall, governess .....	Winifred Jenott
Two Japanese Dancers.....	Dorothy Davis and Mary Louise Jackson

#### Chorus of Japanese Girls

Lulu Clay	Lora Cornell
Marjorie Cook	Esther Carlson
Mary Tarbell	Marjorie Van Fossen
Ruth Carlson	Deane Southworth
Elma Stephens	Dorothy Flye
Catherine Hurley	Vernita Swezea
Mildred Allen	Marcella Smith
Winnifred Howell	Dorothy Strowbridge
Cecilia Jubb	Dorothy McWaters
Nellie Patrick	

Scene—Japanese Garden.



### COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

#### Order of Services

Processional Hymn No. 311

Prayer

1. (a) "To the Sea" (from "Sea Pieces") .....	E. MacDowell
(b) "March Wind" .....	E. MacDowell
	Theresa Holmes

2. "Nymhs and Fauns" ..... H. Bemberg  
     Jessie Smith

3. Address ..... Bishop Keator

4. Valse Caprice, for two pianos ..... de Greef  
     Miss Bajohr and Cecilia Jubb

Presentation of Diplomas

Collects

Benediction

Recessional Hymn No. 522

~ ~ ~

*Address of Welcome*

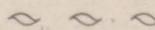
It is with a tinge of sadness, mingled with our joy, that we, the class of 1912, bid a hearty welcome to all those here today; to the Bishop, to Miss Fitch, and to the Faculty who have helped to make this school year a most successful one; to our friends, who have gathered to rejoice with us, and to our dear schoolmates, from whom we are to part so soon. Class Day is a day to which we have long been looking forward with joyful anticipation, but not without some sad thoughts, for it marks the end of our happiest school days, and now we must look forward to higher things.

This year has been made particularly happy by the special privileges granted us by Miss Fitch, for which we are deeply grateful, and of which we have tried to prove ourselves worthy. Our class motto, "Run the Straight Race," has been the keynote of our endeavors in the fulfillment of our resolution, and our school motto our constant inspiration.

But while we look back with gratification to the year's record, on which the Senior class has stood at the head every month, as it should, in both deportment and scholarship, we acknowledge that our race has not been run without some stumbling and faltering, and that while we have attained much, we might have attained more. So, on this day of farewell, we would ask you, paraphrasing Matthew Prior:

"Be to our virtues very kind,  
     Be to our faults a little blind."

HELEN DOUD.



*1912's Parting Gift*

The class of 1912, conscious of the fact that the educational activity of this school is soon to cease within these walls, that a new Annie

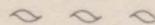
Wright Seminary will arise on the shores of Puget Sound, wishes to show its fidelity and loyalty to the Annie Wright by presenting this picture, a reproduction of the first of a series of fifteen, picturing the quest of the Holy Grail, the originals of which, painted by Edwin Abbey, constitute a part of the mural decoration of the Boston Public Library.

The legend of the Holy Grail dates back to the Middle Ages and is to the effect that the Grail was used at the Last Supper of our Lord and His disciples and later contained the blood of the Saviour. It was supposed to have been brought by Joseph of Arimethea to Europe, where it was concealed in a sequestered castle and accessible only to those without sin. King Arthur and his knights tried to find the Holy Grail, but none were successful except Sir Galahad. In this picture Abbey shows us Galahad as an infant, seeing a vision of the Grail.

In offering this token of our esteem to the Seminary, to adorn the walls of the library in the new school about to be built, we hope and confidently expect to see one picture added each year by the graduating class, until the series is completed.

Therefore, in the name of the class of 1912, I have the honor of presenting this picture to the Annie Wright Seminary.

ERNA MIEROW.



### *Prophecy of Class of 1912*

[Miss Rubric discovered hovering over table piled high with Sacred Study note books and reference books. Many scattered on floor about her feet. Adjusts glasses, picks up first one reference book and then another. Finally sits down and picks up a note book from pile.]

“Mark ye! Frances Root! How did this note book come amongst my work? Why, it is eight years since I taught that stupid class of 1912. In a way I should almost like to see them again. In a way, mark ye, I say, in a way. My assistant, Miss Edith Greenleaf, says that if you speak of a person he will appear—something about the clatter of a cloven hoof—what is her saying? Ah, no, the rustle of wings—but, anyway, I put no faith in such superstitions.” [Holding note book to her heart.] “But, ah, what a comfort to me was this little church woman, with her smiling face and gentle ways! I do not doubt that she is leading a quiet and retired life in some nunnery.” [Enter F. O. R., dressed as a suffragette. Shakes her fist at Miss B. as she crosses behind her.] “I can see her following her

daily routine with no undue excitement in her placid life." [Exit F. O. R.] "But I cannot linger over this old note book whilst there is so much to be done." [Lays note book aside. Resumes her work, but soon stops to muse.] "Who was that tall girl in the class who gave me so much trouble? She would usually come in with a black eye,—basket ball, she said. Ah, yes, I remember, Dorothy Atkinson! I know exactly what she has amounted to, captain of some professional basket ball team, I wager." [Enter D. A., followed by children.] "I can imagine her with the elastic out of one bloomer leg, the other stocking down, and a bloody nose," [Exit D. A.] "though my assistant, Miss Greenleaf, said that she had heard that Dorothy had married some little college professor and settled down in Scranton. But I place no confidence in such a report. There was another tall, angular girl, who used to be always with her—ah, yes, Helen Doud. For all her hoydenish ways, she was quite a literary genius. Well do I remember some of her works of art, especially letters. Once it seems to me that I heard that she was principal of a young ladies' seminary." [Enter Bonnie in Miss Fitch's dress.] "But that is impossible; no good could ever come of such a girl. She was straight on the road to the 'demnition bow-wows,' as my good friend Miss Guppy would say." [Exit Bonnie.] "There were two sisters in that class, two nice, quiet, little girls, who looked very much alike. Dorothea and Margaret, I think they were called. Mark ye! I am not saying positively that those were their names,—but as you will. The younger one, I remember" [enter Margaret] "was going to take up oral expression." [Laughs in an amused way.] "It began so absurdly. It seems that one evening during dressing hour, at the first of the year, she was horrified by strange groanings and wailings which came from some place nearby. As they rose higher and higher she discovered that they came from Miss Gallagher's room. Miss Gallagher, her beloved! It was more than she could endure. Dashing in, she found her corridor teacher wildly throwing herself around the room. But for all her wild antics she did not seem to be frothing at the mouth. On seeing Margaret she came to earth and asked her what she meant by being out of her room during dressing hour, and especially what she meant by interrupting her during her practice? Didn't Margaret know that she was going to read at a recital and needed every minute to practice in? The tender-hearted child slunk back to her room, realizing for the first time that her heart's delight was an elocutionist as well as a gymnasium teacher. Then there arose in her heart the desire to follow in her expansive footsteps. I have not a doubt she has done it. The older girl" [enter

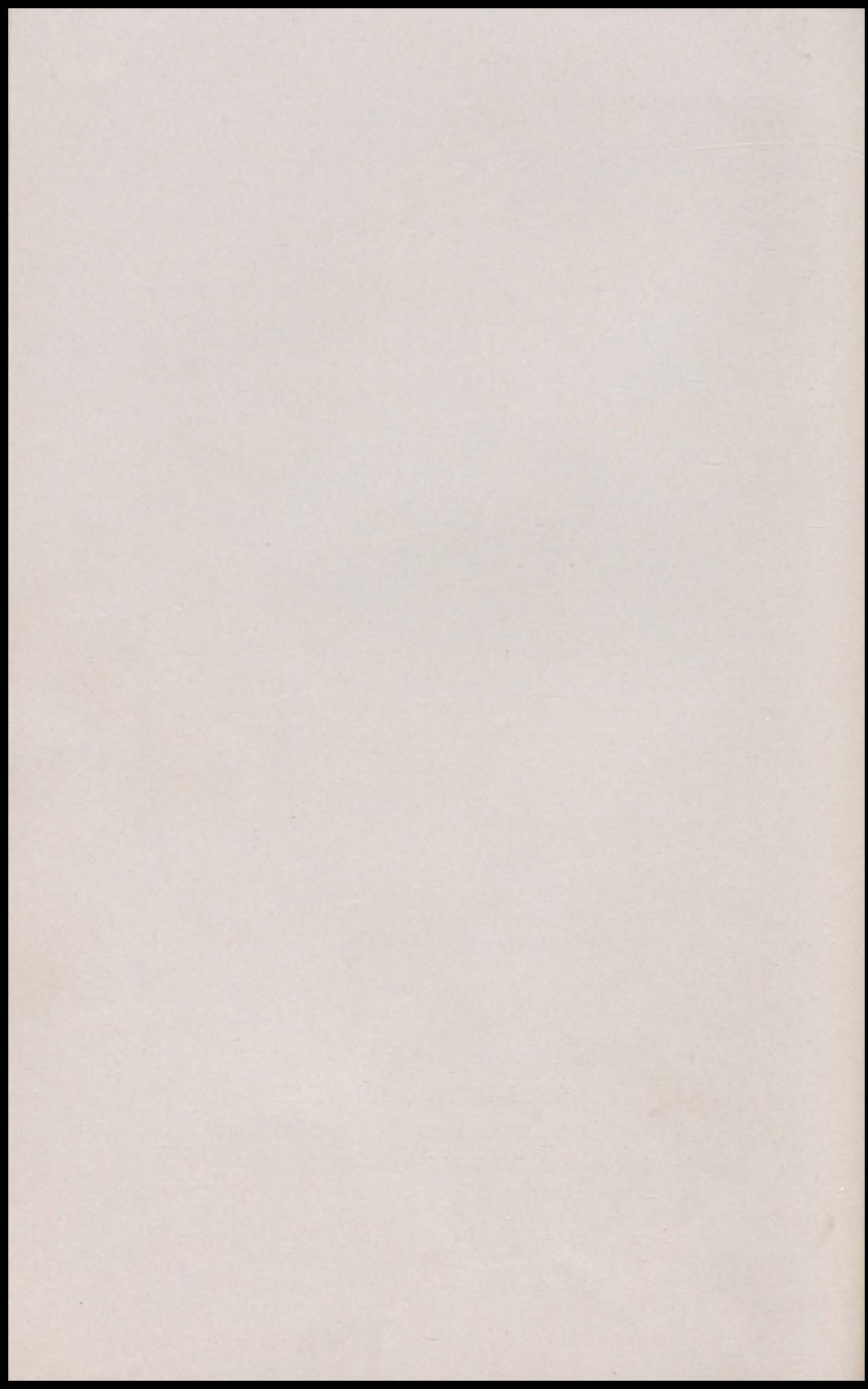
Dorothea] "married a farmer out in this uncouth Puget Sound country, my secretary tells me, and is raking the meadow sweet with hay," [exit Dorothea] "but though Miss Greenleaf has her excellent qualities, I often find her mistaken. Now, about those early Latin fathers" [takes up a book] "she was all wrong." [Runs her fingers through the book, a picture drops out.] "My conscience, what is this? Why, it is a picture of—myself! Most excellently done. Yes, very. I could hardly have done it better myself. It is signed 'A. B.' Now, who can that be? Anna Buren! As I live!" [Enter Anna with palette and brushes.] "Yes, she certainly gave promise of being an artist. In my classes, I remember she gave her undivided attention to filling the margins of her text books with wonderful pictures. She has probably made her mark in the world; she certainly did in her books." [Exit Anna.] "Another talented girl, but not at her books, was that little German girl." [Enter Erna in spangles.] "I always want to call her Irma from the Russian. She used to come dancing in on her toes until I had to say, 'No fussations, young ladies.' She was hoping to be an understudy of Ruth St. Denis and I, for one, am sure she will out rival her teacher." [Exit Erna.] "Let me see, that makes eight" [counting on fingers.] "I always called the roll in that stupid first section by counting seven. So much easier than pronoucing their long names; I am sure some of them were Russian. Seven! Imagine! For that is the sacred number, and I have good authority for this. Just think of anything pertaining to that class being holy. Yes, there was one admirable character. Sophie was her name. By the by, her life since graduation has been a pretty little story. I read in one of the eastern newspapers that she was a prominent Red Cross nurse in our recent war with Japan." [Enter Sophia.] "But it was so romantic, the way she married that queer little Japanese admiral! She is now living in San Francisco, though still keeping up her good work." [Exit Sophia.] "Well, some of that class have done something, but most were hopeless. Worst of all were two dreadful children who tried me sorely. Do not ask me their names. I do not believe that they had any. 'The Gold Dust Twins,'" [Enter Helen and Gretchen as nuns] "is what they answered to. I am pained. I am grieved. I apologize for such actions. I cannot understand it in the least, but I am certain that they ended in some house of correction. Nothing short of it." [Exit H. and G.] "Nine o'clock! And I have spent my whole evening on that troublesome class! Well, I must look over dear Verinta's most excellent book."

[Curtain]



SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM

F. ROOT      H. DOUD      M. BROWNELL  
H. KEEN      CAPT. D. ATKINSON      E. MIEROW



*The Presentation of the Spade by the President  
of the Senior Class*

During the six years that I have been at this school, most of the Tree Day speakers have been somewhat inclined to dwell upon the gloomy side of Commencement week, reminding the Seniors of the fact that they would soon be separated from their classmates and the happy days at Annie Wright, but, for a change, why not look on the other side? The gay ribbons of this spade ought to cheer us with the thought of the many happy reunions we shall have as distinguished alumnae, and the fact that we are giving up this symbol of hard work should remind us that four years of good, hard study lie behind us, a task accomplished. Whatever our future may be, the happy past is ours forever. Our one remaining care is to put this historic spade away safely and you may be sure we will do that with the greatest of pleasure and with every possible precaution.

Before leaving, we should like to say a word to our younger sisters, who, we feel, may profit by our experiences. Dear Freshmen, it is true that there is "strength in numbers," but you must not rely on that alone. The main thing to strive for is unity and concord and then, when your four years are finished, you will not feel that all of your spare hours were spent in fighting.

Sophomores, we congratulate you on what you have done in athletics and our sincerest wish is that next year the red and white may replace our colors on the basket ball cup.

Last September, when you Juniors tried to steal the Spade from us, we decided, naturally, that you must be anxious to take up Senior responsibilities, though now, since we have experienced them, we feel that you were ignorant of the hard work that goes with them. When you find it, guard it well, for it is one of the most treasured possessions of the school. It is almost the first thing that a new girl hears of and the thought of it is with her until the end, acting as a reminder and urging her on until the goal is won and her class passes it on to their successors.

May all good luck go with this emblem, and next year at this time may you look back and say, as we do now, that the Senior year has been the happiest of the four spent here at dear old Annie Wright.

DOROTHY ATKINSON.

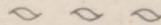
*Acceptance of the Spade by Junior President*

At last we, the class of 1913, the class of neither quantity nor quality, are the favored ones who stand here to receive the precious and historical Spade, for the traditional few minutes, knowing that but a short time will elapse before you have a right to bury it as deeply as you ever dreamed of doing, and confident of the fact that no hiding place was ever fashioned that will be secure from our keen-eyed search.

You have expressed no wish for us, but we know that deep down in your heart your wish is that we shall not find the Spade until much later in the year than you did. But we trust that when we return in September fortune will favor us in our search more than it has any previous class—may we at last find a means of breaking the Seniors' record in one way, a thing we have not been able to do. And we promise, when it really comes our turn, to tie a longer ribbon on the trophy than ever 1910's amazing streamers. We are looking forward with joy to the time when we shall be able to stand here and dispense unnecessary and motherly advice in the lofty and gracious manner affected by all Seniors.

You have wished unity and concord for the Freshmen, success in athletics for the Sophomores—have you not one tiny wish for us? May your wish for us be the renewal of your numerous privileges, granted during the year. Our wish for you is: "As you have succeeded and led in all that Annie Wright has put before you, so may you succeed and lead in all that life has in store for you."

WINIFRED JENOTT.

*Speech at Class Tree*

We, the class of 1912, following the example of our worthy predecessors, and wishing to show our love for our Alma Mater, have gathered today to plant a tree which we hope will always bring us back to the memories of those who remain at the dear old Seminary. We have chosen as our memorial the Balm of Gilead, which, as everyone knows, obtains its name from its refreshing fragrance. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" the prophet Jeremiah exclaimed, making that a metaphor for all things healing and comforting, for all time.

I have heard it called the tree of a thousand perfumes. But fragrant as the fresh buds are upon the tree, the odor is much more powerful if the sprigs are picked and held in the hand, or even crushed. Such a property in plants has often been the theme of writ-

ers. Bacon, in his essay on Adversity, says "Virtue is like precious odors—most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed." Let us hope that we may resemble our class tree in this respect; that when we, in the great world that lies before us, meet with things hard and unpleasant, we may be all the sweeter and stronger for the trial.

We trust that our little tree will thrive and prosper, and that it may be removed some day to the grounds where the new Annie Wright is to rise. There may it keep our memory green, and greet us when we return, in days to come, to visit the dear old Sem. in its new abode.

ANNA BUREN.



### *Seniors' Play*

(SYNOPSIS)

On Saturday evening, June 8th, the Seniors presented two one-act plays, "Petticoat Perfidy," a comedietta by Sir Charles Young, Bart. originally presented at the Court Theatre, and "The Mere Man," by Herbert Swears. In the first play the characters were Mrs. Mounttrevor (Dorothea Brownell), Mrs. Norwood Jones (Anna Buren) and Juliette, Mrs. Mounttrevor's French maid (Helen Keen); the scene, the drawing room of Mrs. Mounttrevor's flat in Albemarle St. Mrs. Mounttrevor, in order to pay Mrs. Norwood Jones for a spiteful trick, passes her new maid off on her as a Russian princess, whom Mrs. Norwood Jones is very anxious to meet.

The scene of "The Mere Man" is laid in the drawing room of the Emancipated Ladies' Club, 5 Chatham St., Piccadilly, at five o'clock in the afternoon. The characters are Miss Blunderby, the President (Margaret Brownell), Lady Betty, a serious girl (Erna Mierow), Dolly, a lazy girl (Gretchen Van Fossen), Maisie, a blushing girl (Edith Greenfield), Irene, an American girl (Helen Doud), Miss Goadsby, a girl no longer (Frances Root), the Hon. Mrs. Rickerby, a widow (Dorothy Atkinson), Amelia, a maid (Sophia McCullough). The man does not appear.

Some of the honor girls of the school gave us a pleasant addition to the Senior program for Class Day by presenting a bright little boarding-school comedy, "The Scarlet Bonnet." In this play, the Misses Mercy and Hope Mather, forced by a bank failure to earn their own living, are opening a girls' boarding school. The day that their first pupils are expected, Miss Hope yields to a sudden temptation downtown, and purchases a fascinating red bonnet. By the time the bonnet arrives, she is quite uneasy in her mind over this pur-

chase, and unwilling to let her sister know. Her attempts to hide the new bonnet make part of the entanglement of the play, and her being taken for a servant by the new pupils, whom she ushers in in place of a maid who has failed to come, furnishes the rest. Winifred Jenott and Katherine Kerr filled the roles of the Misses Mercy and Hope very adequately; Vernita Sweazea was Jean Gordon, a new pupil, and Ruth Carlson, Mrs. Jane Gordon, her aunt, while Margaret Fransoli and Catherine Hurley represented Peggy White and Alice Bennett, girls who had been at boarding school before.



## *Athletics*



There has been a great interest in basket ball this year. The girls played Whitworth College three games. The first game payed on the Seminary floor, had a score of 29 to 0 in our favor. The second game, played at Whitworth, was 15 to 11 in favor of Whitworth. The rubber, played in the Y. W. C. A. gym, showed that we had come out ahead 17 to 12. The Seminary team for this year was:

School Team.	Position.	Substitutes.
M. Brownell .....	Forward.....	V. Jacobson
R. Carlson .....	Forward.....	Frances Root
D. Atkinson .....	Center.....	
M. Samples .....	Center.....	
K. Julyan .....	Guard.....	L. Gassert
L. Jenott .....	Guard.....	H. Keen



### *Field Day*

#### **PROGRAM**

9:30 A. M.

1. Bowling Contest.
2. Captain Ball.
3. Basket Ball Chapioship Game.
4. Inter-class Jumps—
  - (a) Class A.
  - (b) Class B.
5. Inter-class Races—
  - (a) Dash—Class A.
  - (b) Dash—Class B.

- (e) Shuttle Relay—Class A.
- (d) Shuttle Relay—Class B.
- (e) All-up Relay—Class A.
- (f) All-up Relay—Class B.
- (g) Dash—Classes A and B.

6. Awarding of Prizes.

2:30 P. M.

- 1. Parade.
- 2. Crowning of the May Queen.
- 3. May Pole Dance.
- 4. Folk Dances—
  - (a) Danish Dance of Greeting.
  - (b) Gustufs Skoal.
  - (c) Norwegian Mountain March.
- 5. Tennis Tournament.

6:00 p. m.—Athletic Dinner.

The Field Day contests this year were arranged on a competitive basis, the class getting the most points winning the championship banner. The score was as follows: Sophomores, 31; Seniors, 26; Freshmen, 6.

The game of Captain Ball between the Sixth and Seventh Grades was hotly contested. Both sides put up a good game and the girls proved that they would make splendid basket ball players in the future. The final score was 6 to 4 in favor of the Seventh Grade.

After that the championship basket ball game was played between the Seniors and Sophomores. The lineup was as follows:

Seniors—Margaret Brownell and Helen Doud, forwards; Dorothy Atkinson, jumping center; Frances Root, side center; Helen Keen and Erna Mierow, guards.

Sophomores—Lillian Gassert and Ruth Carlson, forwards; Molly Samples, jumping center; Dorothy Davis, side center; Bessie Buehler and Ethel Metzger, guards; Katherine Julyan, substitute.

Miss Barger, of the Y. W. C. A., acted as referee. The game was clean cut and well fought from start to finish, with few fouls and almost no rough playing. The work of the girls was so evenly balanced as to make special mention of any one we injustice to the rent.

The final score was 24-9 in favor of the Seniors, giving them the championship for the third time in four years.

In the afternoon Margaret Fransioli was crowned Queen of the May, amidst the applause of her friends and schoolmates. She was

preceded by heralds and flower girls chosen from her class, who followed carrying garlands of lilacs. After this there was a May pole dance and gymnastic exhibition by the younger children. The principal events of the afternoon were the final matches of the tennis tournament. Great interest has been shown this year by the girls and each class was well represented. During the week preceding Field Day many interesting games were played off both here and at the club courts. All of the contestants were eliminated except Marian Baillie and Molly Samples. Both of these girls put up a splendid game, but Marian won the match by her quickness and sure service. She has the honor of being the first holder of the handsome cup presented by Frederick W. Keator, Jr. This cup, which is to be played for each year, will be a splendid incentive to the girls in the future.

\* \* \* \* \*

And speaking of athletics, can we omit the chain gang? What would W. Howell, D. Stowbridge, Ethel Metyzer, Helen Cummings and the others who shine there say to it? How inspiring to the youth who stands on the corner to see this chain of beautiful maidens jogging along with a strong athletic stride! The rhythm of their graceful swing, how it makes his heart beat. Wouldn't any of the philosophers say that it is more useful to walk than to take gymnastics, to jump, to tan your lily skin at tennis or to play basket ball. You do none of these in after life, but you do walk, walk, walk. Tell me, can we pass this by unmentioned? No. Let this go down in the annals of A. W. S.; that there are a few at least who are faithful to this part of our athletics.

\*\*\*\*\*

F. Fitch (in Junior English): "I don't like Shakespeare, he wasn't even stylish in his language."

Cecilia: "I am taking violin lessons from Professor Olof Bull."

W. Howell: "Why, I thought you took lessons from John Bull."

Molly, in gym: "Miss Gallagher, does the back foot go behind?"

# The Sunny Side



## *The Girl at Morn*

(Apologies to Scott.)

The girl at eve had eat her fill,  
Where danced the moon on window-sill,  
And quiet her midnight hunt had made  
In the lone kitchen's darkening shade.  
But when the sun his beacon red  
Had kindled on Mt. Rainier's head,  
The deep-mouthed rising bell's jarring bawl  
Was heard adown each narrow hall,  
And faint from farther distance borne  
Was smelt for dinner next night corn.

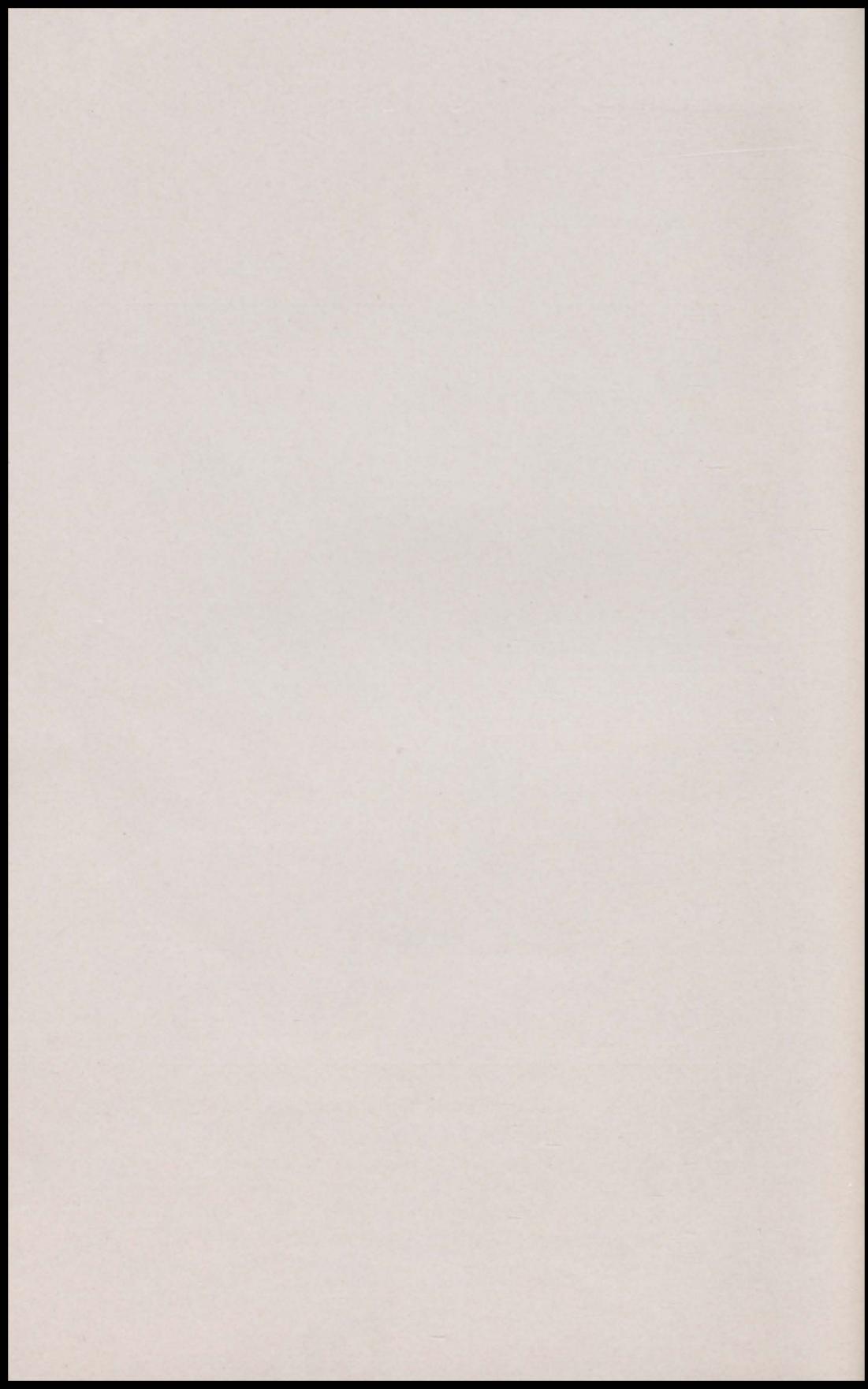
As chief who hears his warden call  
"To arms! The foeman storms the wall,"  
The tired girl—no time to waste—  
Sprang from her good friend's couch in haste;  
But ere her fleet carrier she took,  
Perspiration from her brow she shook,  
Like crested leader proud and high,  
Tossed curling-pinned head towards the sky,  
A moment gazed adown the hall,  
A moment snuffed—she feared a squall—  
A moment watched the girls pass by  
(For breakfast-time was drawing nigh),  
Then, as a few, all dressed, appeared,  
One brave bound,—and the corridor cleared;  
And stretching forward—without a roar—  
Sought with wild haste her own closed door.

Close on the girl, Miss Williams came,  
That never-to-be-vanquished dame,

SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL TEAM

B. BUEHLER      E. METYZER      R. CARLSON  
M. SAMPLES      D. DAVIS      CAPT. L. GASSERT





But stumbling on her wretched cell,  
The girl (poor thing!) exhausted fell.  
The impatient chaser strove in vain  
To make that girl stand up again,  
But her poor muscles, tired and sore  
From lack of sleep, would work no more.  
Then, touched with pity and remorse,  
The other spoke with all her force,  
“I little thought when first thy name  
I sighted on the list of fame,  
That very night at half past eight  
“Into your room” would be your fate.  
Ah, me! this travelling every night  
Has made your reputation light!”

Alone, but with unbated zeal,  
That teacher plied the hair-brush real,  
Till, jaded now and spent with toil,  
That girl did promise to be loyal,  
While every gasp with sobs she drew  
And salty tears strained full in view.  
Close upon this noble deed,  
Repentance—yes—with awful speed.  
Fast on the tearful traces came,  
And all but won that desperate game.  
But save herself from giving in,  
That teacher did with woeful vim;  
Nor less the punishment might be  
For that poor girl on bended knee.  
Thus up the stairs at half past eight  
Does go that girl to keep her date.  
Ah! Woe is me! It is her fate.

L. GASSERT, '14.

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*Declaration of Independence*

In School, June 2, 1912.

The Unanimous Declaration of Pupils of A. W. S.

When in the course of our school year at A. W. S. it becomes necessary for one people (the scholars) to dissolve the discipline bands which have connected them with the other (faculty) and to assume among the faculty of the school the separate and equal station

to which the laws of having a good time entitled them, a decent respect to the opinions of outsiders requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these to be self-evident, that we are created to enjoy certain unalienable rights that among these are Liberty, non-service of marks, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, clans are instituted among us, deriving consent to amuse the others, who not wishing to be traitors (or is it fear of marks?) are willing to be entertained. That whenever any form of the rules becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the clan to abolish the same and to form others laying on the foundation of such principles as have been gained by experience and which seem most likely to effect their SAFETY and HAPPINESS. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that rules long established should not be broken without due thought to the cause and effect and plenty of consideration to the watchfulness of the officers of the rules, the faculty; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that scholars are more disposed to serve while serving is sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the rules to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of serving, and prose learning, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their privilege, if they think they can do it without being told to "travel," to throw off such rules and to provide good guards for their security, while acting according to rules made by themselves—such has been the patient sufferance of these rules; and such is now the necessity which constrains us to alter the former systems of discipline. The history of the present faculty of A. W. S. is a history of repeated mark giving and prose learning, all having in direct object the establishment of a dissolute tyranny over these scholars. To prove this let the Rain-bow box be submitted to a candid outsider.

L. JENOTT, '13.



Theresa: "A bird in the hand gathers no moss."

Miss Hostetter speaking of D. Strowbridge: "She always comes to have me fasten her dress."

Miss Gallagher: "I guess she takes you for the French maid instead of the French teacher."

Molly: "O, Theresa, where have you bean? (been)"

Theresa: "Oh, stringing around."

*To a Freshman*

Oh, green was the grass as he came on his way,  
And gold were the poppies that blossom in May.  
And green were the Freshman's eyes to behold,  
As he carried his pennant of emerald and gold.

The green of the holly, the green of the cloud,  
Reflected their greenness upon his socks loud.  
From the soft Greenish sky, to the green grassy ground,  
There was green up above him, beneath and around.

But greener than all, upon that green hill,  
Was the green little Freshman, so bashful and still.  
The Soph. felt a new pleasure as forward he sped  
To gaze at the picture in green far ahead.

"Ah! Be not afraid, little Freshy," he said,  
"They shall not harm you, but help you instead."  
Now, whoever heard of a Sohpomore like that,  
That did not intend to return tit-for-tat?

So, onward they went, the Freshman more brave,  
But the Sophomore beside him was solemn and grave.  
He was pondering deeply, it goes without doubt;  
But what he was planning we shall soon hear about.

The Freshman, all innocent of the evils ahead,  
Skipped gaily along without thought of dread.  
The Sophomore gazed at him, a smile in his eye,  
And thought, of how soon, the Freshy must sigh.

The Sophomore class came out in a bunch,  
And escorted the Freshy, quickly to lunch.  
The Freshman thought, "How welcome am I,"  
(But he did not know of the leathery pie).

How could he know the butter was soap?  
Why should he give up his newly formed hope,  
That Sophomores' ways had changed at last,  
And would not make him eat it—or fast?

Ah! poor little, green little Freshman, I say,  
 The Sophs can't and won't ever change their way.  
 So, onward, dear Freshy, till the green all wears off,  
 And you have become a grand, noble, young Soph.

M. SAMPLES, '14.

Books of the Month

A Cure for Crime .....	Serving
Clever Beyond Her Years .....	Miss Smith
A Dream with a Lesson .....	Miss Garrett
Gossip .....	Teachers' Meeting
A Game for Two .....	Bunking
A Terrible Discovery .....	Macaroni in the Fruit Salad
Hard Labor .....	Gymnasium
Control of the Market .....	Eleanor McDonald
Gift of Sleep .....	Winifred Jenott
Long Roll .....	Walk
Their Last Chance .....	Molly and Ethel
A Hand in the Game .....	Miss Seeber
An Enemy to Society .....	Miss Brown
The Blind Who See .....	Miss Williams
Vagabond City .....	Tacoma
Where No Man Pursueth .....	A. W. S.
Power of Deliverance .....	C. L. Fitch
Question Mark .....	Freshmen
The Inn of Dreams .....	St. Luke's
Mary's Masquerade .....	Cleanliness
Three of a Kind.....	D. McWaters, D. Stowbridge, D. Atkinson
Office Favorite .....	Curtis
Coquette .....	F. O. Root
Flashes in the Night .....	Miss Williams
Trouble Maker .....	Katherine Julyan
The Right Stuff .....	The Brownells
Children of the Night .....	Juniors
Off the Main Road .....	Chain-gang
Majority Rules .....	F. Or Rootie
The Fool's Errand .....	Seniors after Juniors
The Opponents .....	M. Hazelet and K. Julyan via Bonnie Doud
A Lover of Truth .....	D. Stowbridge
Dare-Devil .....	L. Jenott
Secret Garden .....	The Point

### *Don'ts for Annie Wright Girls*

1. Don't use bad language—not because the faculty objects, but because it makes the features more homely than usual.
2. Don't flirt with the handsome fellow who is going by; his wife may not like it.
3. Don't retire with undrawn curtains; the rubber industry is flourishing in other places than South America.
4. Don't think that just because you didn't get a mark one day that you have escaped; she'll give you two the next day.
5. Don't show your dislike towards a teacher; give her some of the fudge that you've made.
6. Don't perform on Tacoma Ave.—it may cost you your reputation and your audience can see the same thing at the Pantages for 20c.

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### *ADVERTISEMENTS*

WANTED—More Juniors to help pay class dues. Apply soon. Juniors.

WANTED—A new edition of the latest slang words. Old ones are getting monotonous. M. Mooney.

WANTED—A few fancy steps of the best variety to dance in cloister, one approved of by Fraulein Vera Bajohr. Ten dollar prize for the cutest ones suggested. Ethel, Lena & Co.

WANTED—More tea for Seniors to come. The present supply finished by the Seniors to go. Under classmen.

WANTED—Girls, girls, more girls to come to my seances. They begin at 8:30 and end at all hours of the night. I have had quite a lot of experience in this line and can state without fear of contradiction. It is unique of its kind on Pacific Coast. B. E. Smith.

WANTED—A new crush—one from a foreign country preferred. Supply from the region in and about the Annie Wright Seminary exhausted. K. Julyan.

WANTED—A new style "figure" to make me look slim and give me the hipless effect now demanded by fashion. Bonnie Doud.

WANTED—Something new to grumble about, the kind to attract the attention at the table especially desired. Supply must be on hand for use September 12. Eva Marshall.

WANTED—More excuses to furnish the different members of the faculty for not being at school, for unwritten themes, etc., etc. Florence Fitch.

WANTED—A Latin I. Book with all the translations written out above exercises. Please deliver to R. Cook.

WANTED—A good, strong bean-shooter to scare the pesky pigeons out of my room. B. Buehler.

WANTED—To rent more room on back-board for D. Stowbridge.

WANTED—Boys to open up a correspondence with me. I am a good and interesting writer. Try me; if not satisfactory, all negotiations may cease. E. Metyzer.

WANTED—Someone to show me what to do with my hands and feet when in company. My hands are rather bony and somehow I can't make them look graceful when I bang the piano. Eleanor McDonald.

WANTED—More time to sleep and rest my weary bones. W. Jenott.

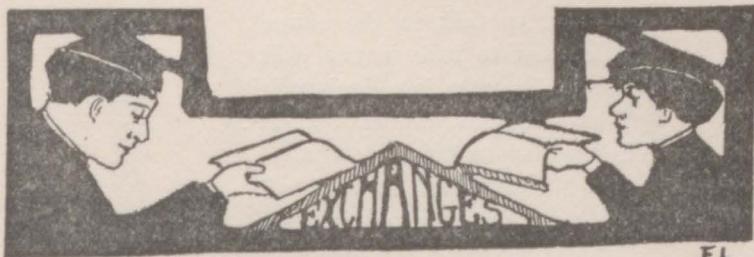
WANTED—New ink wells, new desks, new rooms, new springs (please omit boards), new mirrors, new suites with baths, new grounds, new gym, new tennis court, new bowling alley, new dancing hall, new club rooms filled with card tables, tea tables, etc., new stadium with stage suitable for vaudeville performances, moving pictures, etc., new red dress (for) to go with a NEW SCHOOL. A. W. S. Girls.

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Summer Girl .....	Miss Carrrett
Tutti Frutti .....	Miss Eleanor
Giant Phosphate .....	H. Doud and D. Atkinson
Lovers' Delight .....	Miss LeVeque and Deborah
Lemon Fizz .....	Miss Seeber
Ginger .....	Miss Trane
Mint Mousse .....	Miss Hostetter
Gooseberry Sundae .....	Miss McDonald
Michigan Slip .....	Miss Ferguson
Scranton Special .....	Miss Smith
Root Beer Malted Milk .....	Frances Root
Sweet Sixteen .....	M. Brownell
Sorority Sundae .....	The Juniors
College Girl .....	A. B-n
Lime Freeze .....	Miss Lund
Our Special .....	The Seniors

G. HAMPTON, '13.





F.L.

The Hyak acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges: Tahoma, Whitworthian, Puget Sound Trail, Pacific Star, Toka, Olympus, Troubadour, Eugene H. S. News, Alphian, K. I. Review, Berkeley Folio, Berkeley School, New York; Habit, Salina H. S., Kas.; Quarterly Tatler, Leete School, New York; Sub Alis Sto, St. Mary's School, Peekskill, N. Y.; Focus, All Saints' School, Sioux Falls.

The fiction in recent numbers of school exchanges seems particularly good. We note especially: "Sister Jane" and "Circumstantial Evidence," in the Tahoma; "His Own Kingdom" and "A Fool and His Folly," Sub Alis Sto; "A Valiant Irishman," News. The Tahoma has an unusually good bit of verse, "Detained." Student work or kind thought of an alumnus? An alumnae contribution to The Quarterly Tatler makes us envious. The Tatler, always interesting, has this quarter a distinctly novel editorial. "Yellow Journalism," in the last Troubadour, is a clever piece of work. Sub Alis Sto has a model exchange department, the Berkeley Folio a very effective cover design, and Olympus some capital cuts. The special Commencement Number of the Habit is very attractive, with its many good representations of school photographs.



#### EXCERPTS

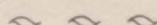
St. Peter—"Who are you?"

Student—"A college student."

St. Peter—"Did you subscribe to your school paper?"

Student—"No."

St. Peter—"Go down below."



Pupil—"How long can a goose stand on one leg?"

Teacher—"Try it and see."

**What We Used to Do.**

We used to talk in the chapel,  
 We used to talk in the hall,  
 But the faculty has declared it,  
 That we shall not talk at all.  
 The faculty talk in the chapel,  
 The faculty talk in the hal'  
 Alas, for our poor privileges!  
 The faculty want them all.

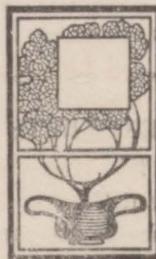


**Modern Geography**

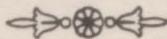
Cape of Good Hope .....	Sweet Sixteen
Cape Flattery .....	Twenty
Cape Lookout .....	Twenty-five
Cape Fear .....	Thirty
Cape Farewell .....	Forty



The hours I spend with Cicero  
 Bring naught to me but tears and woe;  
 I read it o'er, and yet I do not know  
 My Cicero! My Cicero!



# LILLY'S



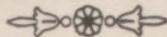
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This is a most important item, for a young lady's stationery should carry with it a note of individuality. This is often accomplished by the use of a monogram die embossed upon a very high grade of paper. We submit sketches of monograms in any style you may wish them made, and we give this feature especially careful attention.

As you can not be too particular in the appearance of your correspondence, we would suggest that you come and give us an idea of what you prefer along this line and we will submit a sketch for your approval. And the finished work will be such that you can be justly proud of your social stationery in comparison with any, for we guarantee that the work will be the best possible to produce.

Let us help you with suggestions. Engraved Visiting Cards also receive the same painstaking care.

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The "Pioneer" Stationery Store 947 So. C St.

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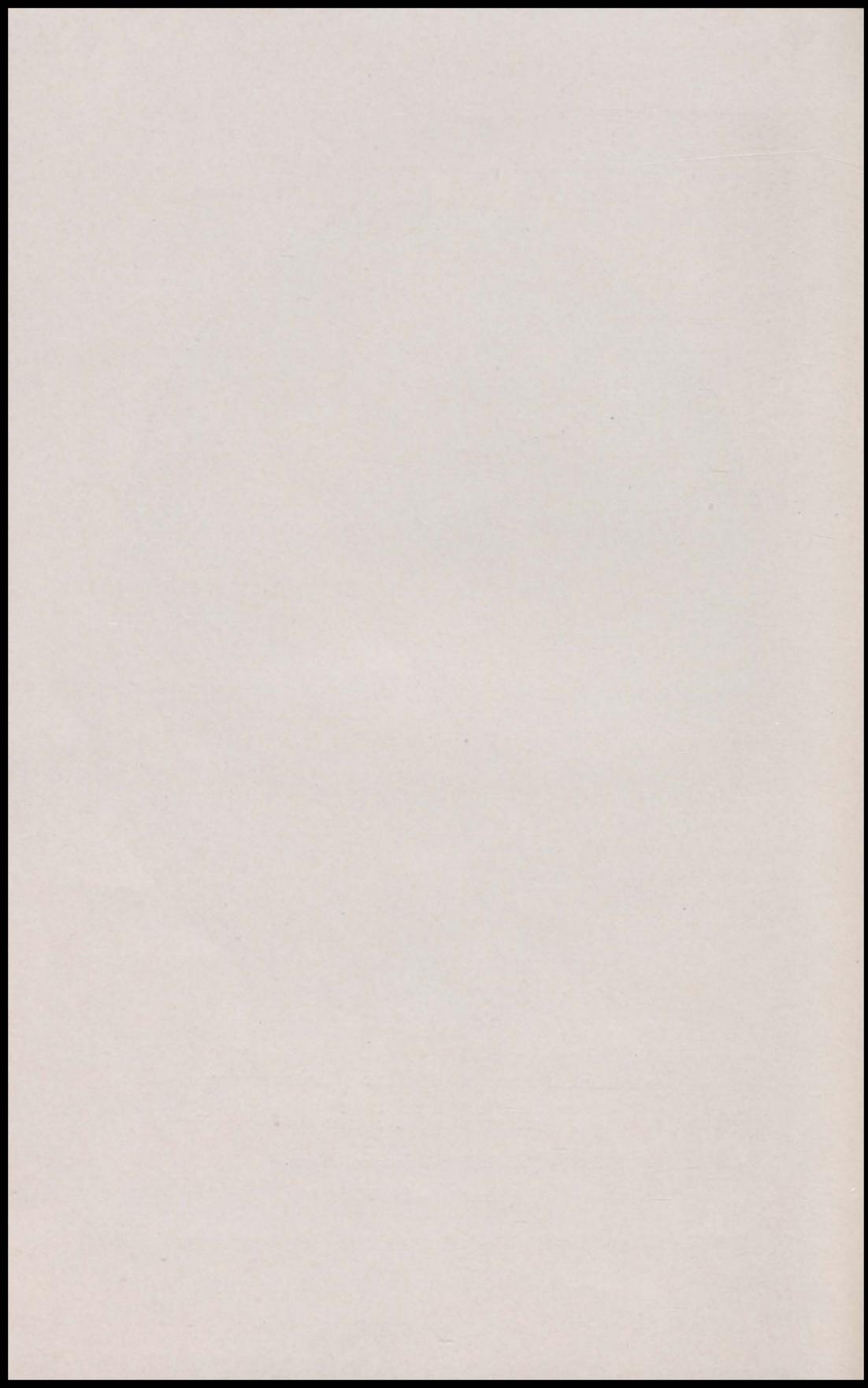


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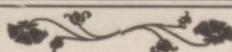
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